Goe get you in, goe.
Miſ.Ford. God ſaue me, ſee who yonder is,
Wee'l ſet her a worke in this buſineſſe.
Miſ.Pa. O ſhee'l ſerue excellent.
Now you come to ſee my daughter *Anne* Ime ſure.
Quic. I forſooth that's my comming.
Miſ.Pa. Come goe in with me. Come Miſ. *Ford.*
Miſ.For. I follow you, Miſtreſſe *Page.*
Exit Mi.Ford, Mi.Page, and Quickly.
For. M. *Page*, did you heare what theſe fellows ſaid.
Pa. Yes Maſter *Ford*, what of that ſir?
For. Do you thinke it is true that they told vs?
Pag. No by my troth do I not,
I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,
Such as rather ſpeake of enuy,
Then of any certainty they haue
Of any thing. And for the Knight, perhaps
He hath ſpoke merrily, as the faſhion of fat men
Are: But ſhould he loue my wife,
Ifaith Ide turne her looſe to him:
And what he got more of her,
Then ill lookes, and ſhrewd words,
Why let me beare the penalty of it.
For. Nay I do not miſtruſt my wife,
Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,
A man may be too confident.
Enter Hoſt and Shallow.
Pa Heere comes my ramping Hoſt of the Garter,
There's eyther licker in his head, or mony in his purſe,
That he lookes ſo merrily. Now mine Hoſt.
Hoſt. God bleſſe you my bully rooks, God bles you.

Caualera Iuſtice I ſay.
Shal. At hand mine hoſt, at hand M. *Ford*, god den t'e
God den an twenty good M. *Page.*
I tell you ſir we haue ſport in hand.
Hoſt. Tell him caualira Iuſtice; tell him bully rooke.
Ford. Mine Hoſt of the Garter.
Hoſt. What ſaies my bully rooke?
Ford. A word with you ſir.
Ford and the Hoſt talkes.
Sh. Harke you ſir, Ile tell you what the ſport ſhalbe
Doctor *Cayus* and ſir *Hugh* are to fight,
My merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring
Of their weapons, and hath appointed them
Contrary places. Harke in your eare.
Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſhute againſt my Knight,
My gueſt, my Caualera.
For. None I proteſt: But tell him
My name is *Brooke*, onely for a ieſt.
Hoſt. Thy hand bully; thou ſhalt
Haue egres and regres, and thy
Name ſhall be *Brooke*: Sed I well bully Hector?
Shal. I tell you what M. *Page*, I beleeue
The Doctor is no ieaſter, hee'l lay it on:
For though we be Iuſtices and Doctors,
And Church-men, yet we are
The ſonnes of women M. *Page.*
Page. True Maſter *Shallow.*
Shal. It will be found ſo Maſter *Page.*
Pa. Maſter *Shallow*, you your ſelfe
Haue beene a great fighter,
Though now a man of peace.